

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
2 of 4

VAN LENTE WALKER BEAULIEU

MARVEL ZOMBIES



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MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #2

70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE:





...it's
Central
Park.



Everything...
living. They
just...

...devoured
it. All of it.

I'll return to these coordinates
in *eight hours* to pick you and
Dr. Morbius' sample up.

If you're not
here, I'll have to
assume you were
destroyed.

Good
luck.



What
did you
say?

I said,
"Good
luck."



Yeah.

That's
what I
thought you
said.

07:51 HOURS TO EXTRACTION

A.R.M.O.R. added biorhythm locators to my sensory arrays.

The highest concentration--well, the *only* concentration of genuine life--

--is *this* way. Downtown. Let's move.

Damn!

What? What is it?

I just realized what I should have held out for with Little Sky. A rider to my S.H.I.E.L.D. contract.

Saving the world from super-zombies is worth a million-dollar bonus, don't you think, Jocesta?

And--a *drinking tour* through the Czech Republic! Paid for by the agency.

I've always wanted to see *Pilsen*, birthplace of the Bohemian golden lager.

You've *changed*, Aaron.

I've *matured*.

The Machine Man I knew was a *hero*.

The Machine Man *you* knew had unresolved Oedipal issues.

He thought that the fleshies who built him would *love* him if he kept proving how much he loved *them* by saving their flesh-bacon over and over again.

And you know what? They never did.

So I've modeled myself *after* the fleshies, now. I look out for Number One, just like them.

And I no longer care *what* they think.

Yeah?

Then what's with the toupee?

Hey! I like the hair!





You smell like
something a
buzzard puked
up.

KLIK...

BANG!

Aw, snap!

She's a
mannequin!

FWASH!

Let go
of me!!

So, I can
eviscerate all
the fleshy ones
I want, with zero
consequences...

...and on top
of that, they'll
pay me for it?

This isn't
a zombie
universe...



UUNHH!

KKRRNNGCHH



I've got you.

Aren't you worried he'll go warn the others?

RR-CHAK

Not particularly.

SSSSSH-BOOM!

You hear something?

Who cares?

I had to schlep all the way to Trenton to find these, you?

Hartford. That's in *Connecticut*.

You gotta be kiddin'.

Supermarkets, drug stores, bodegas... Soon we'll have to go well beyond the tri-state area to find any place that hasn't already been completely picked clean.

That, or Fisk is gonna have to start opening up franchise branches or something. Go all *Ray Kroc* on us.

Don't hold your breath.

If I had any.

Am?



03:20 HOURS TO EXTRACTION

Okay,
okay, it's
back on.

Ah. But now
I have to give
up the view.

You are a
very slick robot,
you know that?

Yeah, I
get that
a lot.

You're sure
this is where the
only fleshies
are?

My sensors
show at least two,
three hundred
of them.

And don't
keep calling
them 'fleshies.'
They're
people.

I remain
an agnostic
on that
subject.

Channel- 492
Amplitude- 36.8

IMC Limit- 2864

Muscle
on all four
sides...

Channel- 492
Amplitude- 36.8
IMC Limit- 2864

...eyes
on the
roof...

Dist: 36.9
Elev: 37.1
Angl: 45.8

Channel- 492
Amplitude- 36.8
IMC Limit- 2864

...and a
roving sentry
with unlimited
sightlines. It's
locked down
tight.

This is what
we get for
waiting until
nightfall.

We may have
to risk a *frontal*
assault, barring
some kind of a...

Dist: 158.8
Elev: 140.9
Angl: 78.1





All the humans we detected...





Clones! They're mass-producing clones just for...

Oh, God! Oh, God! I've never seen anything so--

All right. All right.

Let's just figure out a way to get down there unseen, take a sample from one of them, then--

No, we need *human* blood. A clone might have genetic imperfections--We can't risk it, it's not good enough!

We came all this way for *nothing*--



Excuse me?



I don't think you're allowed to be here.

Did my husband give you permission?



Your... husband?

Yes, your boss.

You *do* work for my husband, don't you? Everyone does.

No... we're, uh...



We're not from around here. We're... travelers.

Oh?

Like the man on the flying surfboard?



Huh?





"About...a *year* ago?
I'm not sure. Other
than it being light or
dark, or cold or hot...

"...time is so hard
to *manage*, since
the plague came.

"He came from the
stars. And was
devoured. Those who
feasted on him...



"...gained
his power.

"They used it to
destroy many of
the others, though
many more fled
and hid...



"...until *they* went
into the stars, in
search of fresh food.

"That's when *Wilson* saw
his opportunity. He was
shot, then infected, in the
first *days* of the outbreak.

"But he kept me *safe*,
locked me into the vault.
He controlled his hunger
when I was around.



"But after *they* left, he
did what he *always* does.

"He forged the alliances
necessary to build an *empire*."

But--all the other infected--
they have *super-powers*
of some kind.

How did your
husband survive
when so many
others didn't?

Because he has the
only super-power
worth having.

His *will*. His
indomitable
will.

With it, you
can accomplish
anything. Under *any*
circumstances.

And that
is just what he
has done.

This is an odd
request, but--can
we have some of
your *blood*?

My
blood?

Yes, it's for--
well, it's very
important for a
medical problem we
have back home.

It's
literally
life or death.

In that case,
how could I
refuse?

It's the least I
can do. It's been
so long since I've
had someone to
talk to.

Except for
Wilson, of course.
He keeps the others
away from me. Lord
knows what they'd
do.

Would you
like to come
back with us? To
our world?

Aaron!
A.R.M.O.R.
quarantine
protocols would
never allow--

What? Oh,
my, no. I couldn't
do that to
Wilson.

I'm the only
thing that keeps
him going.

Thank you for
your concern.

But I have
nothing to
fear here.

01:45 HOURS TO EXTRACTION

What do you think
is more horrifying--
the humans' ability to
do unspeakable things
to each another--

--or their ability
to *adapt* to any
situation, no matter
how unspeakable?

I've got to
say I'm not
really thinking
about that right
now.

I just
want to
get out of
here.

Now.

What's that?

CRASH





You choose
the *most*
absolutely *asinine*
times to suddenly
turn *hero* again,
you know that?



Yeah.



I get that
a lot.



WHOEVER
THAT IS...



